

RACING IN THE STREET

Bruce Springsteen

I got a sixty-nine Chevy with a 396
Fuelie heads and a Hurst on the floor
She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot
Outside the Seven-Eleven store
Me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of scratch
And he rides with me from town to town
We only run for the money got no strings attached
We shut `em up and then we shut `em down

Tonight tonight the strip's just right
I wanna blow `em off in my first heat
Summer's here and the time is right
We're goin' racin' in the street

We take all the action we can meet
And we cover all the northeast state
When the strip shuts down we run `em in the street
From the fire roads to the interstate
Some guys they just give up living
And start dying little by little piece by piece
Some guys come home from work and wash up
Then go racin' in the street

Tonight tonight the strip's just right
I wanna blow `em all out of their seats
Calling out around the world
We're going racin' in the street

I met her on the strip three years ago
In a Camaro with this dude from L.A.
I blew that Camaro off my back
and drove that little girl away
But now there's wrinkles around my baby's eyes
And she cries herself to sleep at night
When I come home the house is dark
She sighs "Baby did you make it all right"
She sits on the porch of her daddy's house
But all her pretty dreams are torn
She stares off alone into the night
With the eyes of one who hates for just being born

For all the shut-down strangers and hot rod angels
Rumbling through this promised land
Tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea
And wash these sins off our hands

Tonight tonight the highway's bright
Out of our way mister you best keep
`Cause summer's here and the time is right
We're goin' racin' in the street

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

The Bothy Band

Queen Jane lay in labor full nine days or more
'Til her women grew so tired, they could no longer there
They could no longer there

"Good women, good women, good women as ye be
Will you open my right side and find my baby?
And find my baby"

"Oh no," cried the women, "That's a thing never can be
We will send for King Henry and hear what he may say
And hear what he may say"

King Henry was sent for, King Henry did come
Saying, "What do ail you, my lady?
Your eyes, they look so dim
Your eyes, they look so dim"

"King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me?
That's to open my right side and find my baby
And find my baby"

"Oh no," cried King Henry, "That's a thing I'll never do
If I lose the flower of England, I shall lose the branch too
I shall lose the branch too"

There was fiddling, aye, and dancing
on the day the babe was born
But poor Queen Jane beloved lay cold as the stone
Lay cold as the stone

Poke Salad Annie

Tony Joe White

If some of ya'll never been down South too much...
I'm gonna tell you a little bit about this, so that you'll understand
What I'm talking about
Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods and the fields,
looks somethin' like a turnip green.
Everybody calls it Poke salad. Poke salad.
Used to know a girl that lived down there and she'd go out in the evenings and pick a mess of it...
Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat,
But they did all right.

Down in Louisiana Where the alligators grow so mean
There lived a girl that I swear to the world Made the alligators look tame

Poke salad Annie poke salad Annie
Everybody said it was a shame
Cause her mama was working on the chain-gang
(a mean, vicious woman)

Everyday 'fore supper time
She'd go down by the truck patch
And pick her a mess o' Poke salad
And carry it home in a tote sack

Poke salad Annie 'Gators got you granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was aworkin' on the chain-gang
(a wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman,
Lord have mercy. Pick a mess of it)

Her daddy was lazy and no count
Claimed he had a bad back
All her brothers were fit for
was stealin' watermelons out of my truck patch
Poke salad Annie, the gators got your granny
Everybody said it was a shame
Cause her mama was a working' on the chain gang
(Sock a little poke salad to me, you know I need a mess of it)

I Can't Find My Way Home

By steve winwood

Come down off your throne and leave your body alone.
Somebody must change.
You are the reason Ive been waiting so long.
Somebody holds the key.

But Im near the end and I just aint got the time
And Im wasted and I can't find my way home.

Come down on your own and leave your body alone.
Somebody must change.
You are the reason Ive been waiting all these years.
Somebody holds the key.

Chorus

But I can't find my way home.
Still I can't find my way home,
And I aint done nothing wrong,
But I can't find my way home.

Good day sunshine

Lennon McCartney

Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine

I need to laugh, and when the sun is out
I've got something I can laugh about
I feel good, in a special way
I'm in love and it's a sunny day

Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine

We take a walk, the sun is shining down
Burns my feet as they touch the ground

Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine

Then we lie beneath a shady tree
I love her and she's loving me
She feels good, she know she's looking fine
I'm so proud to know that she is mine

Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine
Good day sunshine

Get High
Brandi Clark

She hates her job, loves her kids
Bored with her husband,
Tired of the same old list of things to do.
So when the to-dos have all been done,
She sits down at the kitchen table,
And rolls herself a fat one.

Smoke so sweet, fills the air,
She maybe ought to crack a window
But all she can do is stare at the paint
That's been peeling off the walls
A couple of tokes
and her troubles don't seem all that tall

You know life will let you down,
Love will leave you lonely.
Sometimes the only to get by, is to get high

She laughs out loud, at who she used to be.
A girl who'd a look down on
a woman smoking weed in her kitchen.
Sometimes she misses them younger days.
Seeing the world thru rose colored glasses,
Instead of this purple haze.

But you know life will let you down,
Love will leave you lonely.
Sometimes the only to get by, is to get high

So she tucks her kids in at night
Kisses her husband turns off the light and talks to God
Says "Lord help me accept what I can't change"
But until I learn to do that,
Thanks for the Mary Jane.

But you know life will let you down
Love's gonna leave you lonely
Sometimes the only to get by, is to get high
Yeah, sometimes the only to get by, is to get high.

Bold Lamkin

Child ballad #93 Performed in Nova Scotia by Anita Best
Said the lord to the lady, "Now I'm going away.
Beware of proud Lamkin for he's coming this way."
"What do I care for Lamkin or any of his men,
For my doors they are bolted and my windows brassed in."

They had not been sleeping for but an hour or more,
When proud Lamkin he come and he knocked on the door.
"Oh where is your mistress, your mistress," he cried.
"She is up in her chamber," cried the false-hearted maid.

"How can I get at her?" bold Lamkin did say
"When she's up in her chamber and her lord is away."
"You stick your silver bodkin in her son Johnson's nose
And the blood came 'a trinkling down over his clothes
"Oh mistress, dear mistress, how can you sleep so fast
When your son young Johnson is crying his last?
He cannot be quieted with breast milk or pap
I pray you come downstairs, dandle him on your lap."

"How can I come downstairs," she cried,
"on this cold winter's night,
no fire in to warm me or no candle to light?"
"There are two holland blankets," she cried,
"as white as the snow,
And I pray you'll come down by the light of them so."

As she was coming down the stairs not thinking any harm
Bold Lamkin he caught her and he held her by the arm.
"I've got you, I've got you, bold Lamkin did say
You were up in your chamber but your lord was away."

"Oh spare me, oh spare me, this lady did cry
Oh spare me Bold Lamkin, I am not fit to die
I'll give you as much money as you'll carry on your back
If you'll only keep your knife from my lily white neck"
"You can give me as much money as there's sand in the sea
It'll not keep my knife from your white skin so free."

"Oh spare me, oh spare me for just one half hour,
I will give you my daughter Betsy
although she's my flower."
"Where is your daughter Betsy, go bring her to me.
She may hold the silver basin
till your heart's blood runs free."

There was blood in the kitchen, there was blood in the hall,
But the blood on the staircase was the worst blood of all.
Bold Lamkin was then taken to his own country
And the false-hearted servant to the high gallows tree

Bold lamkin was hanged on the gallows so high
and the false hearted servant, she was condemned to die.

Blind Willie McTell
Bob Dylan

Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Saying, "This land is condemned
All the way from New Orleans
To Jerusalem."
I traveled through East Texas
Where many martyrs fell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

Well, I heard the hoot owl singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Were his only audience
Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
(And) see the ghosts of slavery ships
I can hear them tribes a-moaning
(I can) hear the undertaker's bell
(Yeah), nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand
There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

Well, God is in heaven
And we all want what's his
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seem to be all that there is
I'm gazing out the window
Of the St. James Hotel
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

"You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive"
Patty Loveless

In the deep dark hills of eastern Kentucky
That's the place where I traced my bloodline
And it's there I read on a hillside gravestone
You'll never leave Harlan alive

Oh my grandfather's dad crossed the Cumberland
Mountains
Where he took a pretty girl to be his bride
Said "Won't you walk with me out the mouth of this
holler
Or we'll never leave Harlan alive"

Where the sun comes up about ten in the mornin'
And the sun goes down about three in the day
And you'll fill your cup with whatever bitter brew
you're drinkin'
And you spend your life just thinkin' of how to get
away

No one ever knew there was coal in them mountains
Till a man from the northeast arrived Waving hundred
dollar bills
Said "I'll pay you for your minerals"
But he never left Harlan alive

Grandma sold out cheap and they moved out west of
Pineville
To a farm where Big Richland River winds
And I bet they danced them a jig
And they laughed and sang a new song
"Who said we'd never leave Harlan alive"

But the times they got hard and tobacco wasn't selling
And old grandad knew what he'd do to survive
He went and dug for Harlan coal
And sent the money back to grandma
But he never left Harlan alive

Where the sun comes up about ten in the mornin'
And the sun goes down about three in the day
And you'll fill your cup with whatever bitter brew
you're drinkin'
And you spend your life digging coal from the bottom
of your grave.

You'll never leave Harlan alive

